THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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HENRY DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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VOLUME XXXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1854. WHOLE NO. 1705.

Choice Poetry.

THE OLD COTTAGE CLOCK.

[The following poem will doubtless send many a reader to the little volume from which it is taken—*Leaves of Life*, by Mrs. Hemans, of Dublin. The *Literary*, the youngest poem of the book, is a curiosity of its class: it is simply a narrative of the marriage, death, and burial of a cricket, and indeed possesses, if not, larger, is more and curious interest, but full of the poetry both of the metaphor and the allusions. The shorter poems have the usual elements of power, simplicity, pathos, and religious feeling by which the name of Charles Swain immediately introduced to a wide circle of "the gentle and the good."]

Oh! the old, old clock, of the household nook
With the brightest thing and meanest;
Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,
And its chime sang still the evenest.
'Twas a mansion, too, though its words were few,
Yet they lived, though sentence uttered;
And its voice, still strong, warned old and young,
When the voice of friend lay hidened.
"Tick, tick," it said;—"quick, quick, to bed—
For two I've given warning;
Up, up, and go, or else, you know,
You'll never see dawn in the morning!"

A friendly voice was that old, old clock,
As it stood in the corner seating,
And learned the time with a merry chime,
The wintry hours beguiling;
But a mournful voice was that tiresome clock,
As it called at daybreak boldly,
When the form looked grey o'er the misty way,
And the early air blew coldly;
"Tick, tick," it said;—"quick, out of bed,
For five I've given warning;
You'll never have health, you'll never get wealth,
Unless you're up soon in the morning."

Still homely the sound goes round and round,
With a tone almost human uttering;
While some are tired for the bright days fled,
And the old friend's last farewell!
Its tones I never more shall see pass
That warmer bond and pulsator;
He hastens on, though he sees me gone
Are clasped on earth no longer!
"Tick—tick," it said;—"is the church-yard bed,
The grave inch given warning—
Up, up, and rise, and look to the skies,
And prepare for a Heavenly morning."

Original Novelet.

THE BRIDE OF THE WILDERNESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY FRANCIS HERBERT HENRY,
Author of "Yemas," "Clara Howard," "Forest Hill," "Parson Peterkin," "Kate Clarence," etc. etc., etc.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXV.

AN ECSTASY.

"Gertrude! Miss Wilburn!" exclaimed Graham, labouring under the most intense excitement, as he bent over her prostrate form;—"in Heaven's name, what has occurred to distress you? Answer me that you are living! Oh! speak!" he continued—"if only one word—that word my answer—that I may know you live, and a consciousness who is now by your side!"

But Gertrude made not a sound in reply; there was not even a quiver of her bloodless lips: all the faculties, save that of consciousness, were lost: the mind knew—the mind answered—the mind heard—the mind felt; but the tenement, the body—was for the time dead. The eyes were wide open, and fixed upon the face of Graham; but the pupils had the bright and glassy look of the eyes we sometimes see in figures at wax. There was not even a twinkle—not the slightest movement of the long dark lashes. The breath too had stopped, the bosom had ceased to heat, the blood no longer coursed through its regular channels, and the limbs had become hard, rigid, and inflexible. Yet the mind, as we said before, was consciously alive to sensations, if we may use the term; for Gertrude not only saw what was taking place, but seemingly knew into the bargain—for every word heard what was said, but seemingly the unnatural thoughts.

It was, indeed, a terrible shock, this sudden deliverance from an awful fate, by the hand of one she had deemed dead, and whose memory had long mourned as dead, and no one could tell what might be the result. Nature had previously been tried to the last ordeal, and almost exhausted, had stimulated the system to bear up against crushing grief, appalling horror, direful calamities, want of needful food, and loss of rest; but sudden deliverance, sudden joy, sudden gratification, powerfully bore down through the tender chords of love, produced a too sudden expansion of the heart of the blood, that medical men would probably term an ecstasy.

Cutting the cords which bound her limbs, Graham, still pleading for her to speak to him, lifted the rigid form of Gertrude from where it had fallen, and bore it to the cabin door, and laid her upon the bank, and laid her gently on the ground; while a number of his men—for he was the leader of the party who had come to the rescue—silently gathered around him.

"Oh! what can be done?" he exclaimed (aloud;—"if she be not already dead, hear a poor wretch's prayer, and restore her to life. Here, Doctor—Doctor!" he cried, looking wildly and hastily around upon the by-standers—"is there a surgeon in the band? is there a physician? Quick! quick! perhaps she may be saved."

Three of the party instantly bounded away to the vessel's boats, and returned immediately by the clashing the rigid limbs of Gertrude, not knowing before that she had fainted, in the hasty and rendering animation. He was disappointed, when Dr. Hartwell joined the group. He was a surgeon in the regular army. He was an old and familiar acquaintance of the young Captain—the father of the one being his intimate friend.

"Well, George," he said, gladly—"what's this I what's this?"

"This is one of whom you have heard me speak, Doctor," replied Graham: "—and, if not dead, the only one, I fear, of Major Hargrave's household who has escaped being butchered by our hellish foes. Quick! Doctor—tell me as only know!"

The Surgeon stooped down; and after a careful, but hurried examination of the fair maiden, replied,

"I think she yet lives, George—I think life is still here—the rightness of the limbs not positively tolerable life; but it is a very critical case, my friend—a very critical case."

"Oh! Doctor, save her! save her!" cried Graham; "and my gratitude shall know no limit."

"I will do what I can—but God alone can save her," responded the Surgeon.

He ripped up the dress of Gertrude as he spoke; and instead of applying restoratives to her arm, he took out his lancet, and opened a vein. But the blood did not follow.

"I fear it is a hopeless case, George," he said.

Graham groaned aloud with the agony of his feelings.

"Try the other arm!" he gasped.

All this occurred, the man who had been for water returned, with their drinking cups filled, which they offered to their leader. Almost mouthing the cups from their hands, the so-called young Captain, without a moment's hesitation, dashed the contents of the water into the upturned face of Gertrude. A slight spasmodic start followed this sudden application, and at the same instant the blood started forth.

"Thank God for that!" cried the Doctor: "there is some hope now."

"Oh, sir! do you think she will live?" inquired the Captain, in a low, eager, tremulous tone.

"I think we shall bring back life—but God alone knows whether or not she will be able to keep it or not," was the answer.

The blood was now spurting forth in a strong, steady stream; and the Surgeon paused upon it with a degree of satisfaction which he did not attempt to conceal. For some two or three minutes not another word was spoken; and every eye, riveted upon the face and form of the fair prisoner, watched for the first touches of returned. At length the rigid muscles began to relax, the deathly pallor of the cheek became like the glassy look began to disappear from the eyes, the light began to cover and droop, and the lips, slightly parting, began to quiver, as if about to give utterance to intelligible sounds.

"I think you, Doctor," he said, now fully convinced—so fatality, indeed, that the words could just be caught by those who breathlessly listened.

As this was said, the iris were raised again, as by an effort, and the eyes, pleading with intelligence, were for a single moment fixed upon the anxious countenance of George Graham. Tears seemed to be a world of emotion in that look, brief as it was; and as the lids closed again, Graham, unconsciously to himself, pressed his lips to those now pale, lovely features, he felt his heart beat and throb with a strange, indescribable emotion. He grasped the Doctor's arm, with a trembling hand, and in a voice that seemed to come from the very depths of his soul, said:

"Can she live?"

"I do not know—perhaps—the symptoms are favorable," was the reply of the man of science, as he applied the lancet to the bandage and stop the flow of blood. He then left her to the kind attention of "The Sycamore" the Rose-Bud, George, and the Captain, every tender-hearted one taking some new pain

Foreign Letter.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

[illegible]

[illegible] to the point of meeting on the one side or the other the wishes of Hungary. I cannot here enter into the details of the negotiation, and to which all eyes are now turned with hope or fear. Every one is ready to acknowledge that in the hands of Austria the decision whether she will or will not be a long and general one, or whether it is to be a speedy and definitive one, depends entirely.

In a speedy close by the institution of Russia. The people of Austria flatter themselves not a little with the conviction which prevails in the world generally to think, or at least to their self-sufficiency the issue of the articles which appeared in the Times and Chronicle of London, upon which appeared in 1848 and 1849. That Austria, they say, was under the influence of Russia, and that she was ready to fall a prey to dissolution; nor she be looked upon to the weight of power in whose hands rest the great interests of Europe, and I cannot neither the spirit of the age, or the character of the Emperor, or of the Austrian Cabinet, to think that the final end at the counsels of the conference will be the dismemberment of the Austrian Empire. I am not prepared to say what will be the result of the negotiations with Hungary, but I should be surprised if they were to be stayed.

Will Austria then take part with Russia? I, for one, do not believe that she will do anything of the kind. I should be unworthy the name of a newspaper correspondent, if I had not access to the most authentic sources, if I did not seek for information from the most [illegible] channels, if I was not in a position to form my own opinion, for or in favor of the policy, and the indispensable necessities of Austria, more than from the "highest authority," or the appearance of the Czar. Emperor as he goes to a ball or takes a ride, or from the [illegible] of the Russian Ambassador, that Austria will not, to say extent, become the tool of Russia. If we look in the first place at the causes which might induce the Emperor to take the part of his former ally, we shall find them reduced to the merest shadow. As for his services during the late revolution, personal friendship and admiration of the Czar, and a tolerably strong sympathy in political sympathies and principles. All for so gratitude is concerned, we see that there is not much gratitude required on that score. Disinterested assistance on the part of one nation to another, very rarely occurs. Even when it does occur, reach a romantic pitch as to sacrifice the interests of one's own people. Besides the Personal friendship and admiration of the Czar will hardly carry him further. Such expressions are not unfrequently addressed to princes, but when the disinvestment of a neighboring state is at hand, a disinvestment full of peril to Austria. The latter cannot then in the only one of moment, and there is scarcely a question that if the Emperor of Austria is a [illegible], or a [illegible] in, he would institute but a little while as to what course he should adopt. Personal friendship and France he has nothing to hope for, but every thing to fear, in case of a revolution, in his own dominions, which he would [illegible] he kept for sacrifice in that event.

But we do not believe that for any reasons he has refusing his support to Russia, that seem to leads it doubtful whether that he should grant it. Austria and Russia and the Czar will consider the sequences and troubles of a war as [illegible] to [illegible] of necessity, for breaking his promise not to incorporate the Danubian principalities in his Empire, and that his appeals to [illegible] which he had broken with the Sultan, would be [illegible] satisfied with such a morsel. The position of Russia since the conclusion of the peace of Paris, is immediate contact with those parts of the Austrian Empire allied by race, language, religion and barbarism to Russia sensible to one of such immense peril to the House of Austria, which none but a madman can overlook it. If the Emperor can for a moment believe that Nicholas would not foment disturbances, and induce the separation of the Sclavonic provinces, he believes what no other sane man in his dominions believes. By granted that the present Czar, actuated by disinterestedness and magnanimity which he has failed to show in his conservatory, as any nothing prince could create in Hungary, would not, future rulers of Russia would hardly be so scrupulous. The success of Austria, by the assistance of Austria, would rob the House of Hapsburg of half of its possessions in the course of the next twenty years, and erase Austria from the map of Europe, or leave it nothing but its German subjects, reducing it at most to a second rate power.

But terminate for the definion of this question, the Emperor of Austria is not a man to sacrifice domestic research, though we call Austria an absolute monarchy. There is, after all, some power in the people, and even in Austria it seems that the people were raised to a pitch of religious fanaticism by the Romish priesthood are now a power behind the throne greater than the throne itself. In a question which vitally affected the prerogatives of the throne, the Emperor of Austria would now, as he has before, learn the united sentiment of his people. It is an issue which affects him indirectly, or rather in which his interests are identical with those of his people. It is hardly to be believed that he will needlessly open three wounds that are yet scarcely healed, and which the people of Austria are well nigh unanimous in this question, and sympathize most warmly with Turkey, or rather hate most cordially her foe. Whatever willingness may be exhibited to forgive their own Emperor for the part he took in 1848, there is not the least trace of it for his ally, and no people would rejoice more at the humiliation or even the destruction of Austria. In Vienna one hears the sentiments of the Austrian people expressed in the most unmeasured terms in connexion with the people than by a study of the newspapers. Here is a population brought together into all provinces of the Empire, Italy, Germans, Hungarians, Slavonians, Poles, Italians, Greeks, &c., and a not inconsiderable intermixture with the people, intimate one to say that nine-tenths are friendly to Turkey and without looking for an explanation of this in a dislike to Russia, or even to a fear of a reduction of Austrian importance by the establishment of the great Sclavonic power on their southern frontier, one is at no loss to find sufficient ground for it in a wise forethought for the preservation of the material and commercial interests of the people. Austria is a commercial nation, and the free navigation of the Danube and Dardanelles, to a degree which will be apparent to any one who will examine the map of Europe. The mouth, and banks of this river, are in the hands of Austria, and Russia, would be a blow to American commerce, and American interests, that would paralyze the industry of the country. And the reappearance of the Sclavonic provinces would be to the Austrian Empire, what the Austrian would be to the people. Austria is a nation whose political interests are advancing every day with colossal strides, and the commercial interests makes common cause with the hatred of Russia on this question.

Austria in the view of the case when we look upon Russia as successful, but the probabilities all point to the other way, and Austria, allied with Austria as her ally, opens up a horizon for the commercial energy of Austria quite as boundless as anything the world has known since the days of Rome. The people already profoundly [illegible] and still further [illegible] by the [illegible] of their interests and history, would not be slow to profit by the boon of unrestricted commerce, and the throne under their [illegible] would be [illegible] by the [illegible] of the people.

Still, I think, it would be a mistake, to suppose that the true [illegible] of Austria may be [illegible], for [illegible] it to be counsels of [illegible] may be [illegible], but [illegible] it to be counsels of [illegible] may be [illegible], for [illegible] it to be counsels of [illegible] may be [illegible], for [illegible] it to be counsels of [illegible] may be [illegible], for

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1854.

Congressional News

THIRTY-THIRD CONGRESS. FIRST SESSION.

SENATE.

On the 20th, the President pro tem. laid before the Senate a communication from the Secretary of War, transmitting Lieutenant Williamson's report for the exploration of a route for the Pacific Railroad. Referred to the Select Committee on that subject.

The President also laid before the Senate the credentials of Hon. James A. Pearce, elected a Senator from Maryland, for six years, from the 4th of March next; which were read and ordered to be filed.

Mr. Seward presented several petitions—one from his Excellency Governor Seymour, of New York, and many others, praying the influence of the National Government in behalf of religious freedom, and the protection of the religious rights of our citizens sojourning in foreign countries, and securing to them the privilege of burying their dead.

Mr. Seward also presented the petition of E. W. P. Moody, owner of the British barque Sarah, asking compensation for his services in rescuing the officers, passengers and crew of the American ship Caleb Grimshaw. Also the petition of one thousand citizens of New York, remonstrating against the abrogation of the eighth section of the Missouri act.

Also the petition of E. E. Van Goff and others, tobacconists, praying the exaction of a specific duty of 40 cts. per pound on cigars imported into the United States.

Also the petition of H. Emmons and others, remonstrating against the abrogation of the Missouri Compromise.

Also petitions in favor of the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia; in favor of the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850; ...

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

General News.

THE STOCK MARKET.

NEW YORK MARKETS, MARCH 31.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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ALMANAC.

April, 1854.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER.	MOON'S PHASES.
1 Saturday,	5 44	6 16	3 9	
2 Sunday,	5 43	6 17	3 57	
3 Monday,	5 42	6 18	4 47	
4 Tuesday,	5 41	6 19	5 37	D. H. M.
5 Wedn'day,	5 39	6 21	6 27	First 5 10 18
6 Thursday,	5 38	6 22	7 19	Full 13 19 54
7 Friday,	5 37	6 23	8 8	Last 19 7 14
8 Saturday,	5 35	6 25	8 56	New 27 1 13

Marriages.

Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In West Cheshire, Conn. on the 14th ult., by the Rev. L. F. Perry, Mr. Charles Edwards, to Miss Julia E. Hotchkiss, both of Cheshire, Conn.

On the 16th ult. by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. Edward Felton, to Miss Rebecca Root, both of Philadelphia county.

On the 18th ultimo, by the same, Mr. Edward Kelly, to Miss Eliza M. Kemp, both of this city.

On the 9th ult. at Howard Hill, Burlington county, N. J. by Friends' Ceremony, in the presence of Jos. S. Lawrence, Esq. Peter Baurer, to Elizabeth M. daughter of Miller Howard.

On the 14th ult. by the Rev. John B. Dales, Mr. Joseph Graham, to Miss Catharine Martin, both of this city.

At the United States Hotel, in Philadelphia, on the 21st ult. by the Hon. Chas. Gilpin, Mayor, Wm. C. Gray, to Anne, daughter of Job Rulon, both of Chester, Del. county.

On the 21st ult. by the Rev. W. Blackwood, Mr. Cornelius Dempsey, to Miss Catharine McLafferty, all of this city.

On the 26th of Oct last, by the Rev. J. C. Smith, Mr. Samuel R. Adams, to Margaretta Garning, both of this city.

On the 21st ult. by the Rev. A. G. McAuley, Mr. John Young, to Miss Mary Blakely, both of Philadelphia.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. J. B. Dales, Mr. James McCaughan, to Miss Mary J. Muir, all of this city.

Deaths.

Bank Note List.

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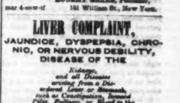
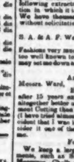


DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S CELEBRATED GERMAN BITTERS, PREPARED BY DR. C. M. JACKSON.

WARD'S REPORT OF FASHIONS.

WARRANTED NO HUMBUG.



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ELLWOOD HARVEY, M. D., Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine.
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THE DEAD SOLDIER.

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SKETCHES BY FANNY FERN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

MARRIAGE AND DEATH AMONG THE MODERN GREEKS.

FALSE PEARLS AND DIAMONDS.

City Scenes.

THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

YOUNG GENT. *(Returned from a short trip to Europe.)*—"Mother, dearest mother!"

MOTHER.—"Mercy upon us, Charles! Is that you?"

Wit and Humor.

DISSECTING AN AUDIENCE.

Dr. O. W. Holmes, in one of his recent Lectures, thus dissected audiences in general:

The lecturer, said the Doctor, belongs to his audience, soul and body, for one hour. They may turn up their noses at him, or sink into *audible* slumbers before him, and he must bear it all. But for the lecturer to take liberties with his audience, is an enormity not to be tolerated. However, first shaking hand with the audience, he proposed to handle them gently, with gloves on! During one winter, he had appeared before seventy-one audiences, but that was because lecturers were in demand, and an inferior article went off briskly!

He had lectured in strange places, and dined at strange tables, where faith was the most necessary of virtues, and temperance the easiest. Returning from the literary black-hole—the lecture-room—he had found a ball in full blast beneath his bed-room, the fiddle seemingly strung with the sinews of a hyena.

Two and a half persons—a man, a woman, and a boy, theoretically make an audience. But practically, these must be multiplied by 10 or 100. There must always be a boy present, because, in case of applause, the heels of his boots are invaluable. Girls are not so necessary, because a girl is a little woman, while a boy is not, by any means, a little man. Sometimes a good matron brings an oblong bundle, which squirms occasionally. That is what people generally call *a* baby—the relations, *the* baby, and the mother, more pet names than are to be found in the dictionary. Speaking of the lecturer before he commenced, he said he was probably thinking whether he should get any supper, or be obliged to sleep on a straw bed, and dream that he has a porcupine for a bed-fellow! Lecture-going was not an expensive amusement. They cost about five or six cents apiece, which was cheaper than a first-class monkey and hand organ. In a fine poetic figure, the audience was compared to the flower which blooms only in the night.

In an audience there is always four characters—the appreciative listener, the resisting listener, the newspaper critic, and—the man who goes out! The first is almost always a young and pretty female, about whom the gravest old lecturer grows romantic. The appreciative listener may, however, be a male—it is the face with the greatest amount of soul in it to which the lecturer appeals. The terrible counterpart of this, is the resisting listener, who is always a male. His face puts a veto on all the lecturer's acts and assertions—he sees through all his nonsense, and regards him as a swindler, who means to make him laugh or cry. He keeps his mouth tight shut, and looks upon the lecturer's finest flourishes with a stare as unsympathizing as that with which the figure head of a fishing schooner regards the gambols of a porpoise.

The reporter is friendly, and takes the lecturer's view of his subject, though he sometimes commits the error of attempting a report after giving but five minutes' attendance in the lecture room! The critic should never be brutal. If a lecture is good of its kind, he should find no fault because it is not something else. It is a schoolboy task to write a practical lecture. That detestable Old Man of the Sea, the Practical, is forever choking our people, and anything that will help to throw him off should be welcomed. The Doctor thought American criticism was too liberal with superlatives, and sometimes killed with kindness. The fourth character,—the man who goes out—he regarded with the deepest interest. Some persons go out because they are faint, or they must take the cars, or they are on a furlough from their wives, and their time is up! But this man goes out not in anger or disgust, but from an innate law of his being! The cause has been attributed to disease, or insanity, but the conclusion has been reached that it is a case of intellectual misfit. The man's mind is capable of holding but half a lecture, and he naturally goes out when his mind is full! The man who goes to sleep, at first nods to his neighbor before him, but immediately straightens up, with renewed attention. But there is a fish-like look about his eyes, and presently his head goes down upon his breast, or upon the shoulder of a young lady, who being both timid and sentimental, is at a loss whether to consider it an outrage, and call the police, or a declaration, and refer him to papa! When the audience grows weary, the best remedy is to tell a story. As listeners, the ladies are the best, for they are always disposed to kindness. The lecturer here paid a high tribute to woman. He closed with some practical suggestions as to the value of lectures.

During the delivery of the above lecture, the reporter of the Portland Transcript says:—"The sleepy man, for once, was thoroughly awake; the lover's attention was drawn from his fair one for at least ten minutes together; the novel-reading young lady closed her favorite volume—the reporter forgot his notes, and 'the man who goes out,' whose mind is 'capable of containing but half a lecture,' stretched it to the capacity of two-thirds, and remained almost to the close!"

ADVICE TO A YOUNG LAWYER.—The following is the advice of an examining judge to a young lawyer, on admission: "Sir, it would be idle to trouble you further. You are perfect; and I will dismiss you with a few words of advice, which you will do very well to follow. You will find it laid down as a maxim of civil law, never to kiss the maid when you can kiss the mistress. Carry out this principle, sir, and you are safe. Never say 'boo' to a goose, when she has the power to lay golden eggs. Let your face be long—your bills longer. Never put your hand into your own pocket when anybody else's is handy. Keep your conscience for your own private use, and don't trouble it with other men's matters. Plaster the judge, and butter the jury. Look as wise as an owl, and be as oracular as a town clock. But, above all, get money; honestly if you can, my dear sir; but, get money. I welcome you to the bar."

BREAKING THE NEWS.—Cuff had been out with the cart and oxen, and returning, his master asked him what was the trouble?

"Why, massa, de wheel is broke."

"Is that all, Cuff?"

"No, massa, de tongue broke too."

"What, did the oxen run away?"

"Yes, massa, and kill de nigh ox."

"Is it possible, Cuff?"

"And de off ox, too, massa."

"Go, you black rascal, you have made a perfect smash up, and that is the reason why you came back; why didn't you tell me so?"

"Why, massa," said Cuff, scratching his wool, "I spose dat one wheel broke be ficient of itself individiously, without proceeding into de entire argument ob de cart and oxen."

A SETTLEMENT.—"Did you mean to settle this bill at all, sir, when you made it?" said the creditor in a passionate manner.

"Humph! keep cool my good friend," said the debtor, puffing a cigar with most admirable *sang froid*. "You want a settlement?"

"To be sure, I do, sir."

"Well, my dear sir, I assure you I meant to settle, and when I *meant* to settle, that was clearly a *settle-ment*! Ha, ha, ha! Good morning, my friend, I'll see you in the fall!"

A GOOD SHOT.—The best repartee we have lately seen, come from *Prentice*, the wag of the Louisville Journal. The editor of the Alabama *Flag* called it out, by the following squib:—"Why is the editor of the Louisville Journal's career through life like a celebrated tune? Because it is the rogue's march." Prentice, who is a "dead shot," loaded his piece, and taking aim, let the Flag man have it right in the teeth after the following manner, to wit: "Why will the editor of the *Flag*, at the close of his career through life, be like a tune of *Paganini's*? Because he will be executed on a single string."

A CONSOLING REPLY.—Lady Spencer once asked Dr. Warren whether the minds of physicians must not be frequently embittered by the reflection that a different mode of treatment might have saved the lives of their patients. Dr. Warren thought otherwise. "The balance between satisfaction and remorse must," he considered, "be very greatly in favor of satisfaction;" and as an instance of it, he hoped he should have the pleasure of curing her ladyship forty times before he killed her.

PRIDE IN PATCHES.—A little fellow from four to five years old, having perforated the knee of his trowsers, was intensely delighted with a patch his grand-mamma had applied. He would sit and gaze upon it in a state of remarkable admiration; and in one of these moods suddenly exclaimed:

"Grand-ma must put one on t' other knee, and *two behind*, like Eddy Smith's."

If the boy lives, he will beat Gov. Marcy, two to one.—*Knickerbocker.*

Miscellaneous.

THE WILD MEN OF SUMATRA.

At a recent meeting of the American Geographical Society, in New York, Capt. Gibson gave some further interesting particulars of the Orang Kooboos of the East Indian Archipelago—including a singular anecdote of the carrying off of a little girl by an Orang Utan, or Orang Otang, as they are generally improperly called. He said:—

MR. PRESIDENT: I have desired the privilege of appearing again before this distinguished Association, chiefly on account of the wish to speak more fully of certain remarkable races of beings to be found in the East Indian Archipelago, of one of which, the Orang Kooboo of Sumatra, I made some mention on the former occasion of my appearing before you. My statement of the extraordinary peculiarities of these apparently semi-human beings has led to the expression of so much curiosity to know more of them by some, and of skepticism as to the fact of their existence on the part of others, that I have deemed it due to myself and to public curiosity to give some additional facts, along with all the corroborative evidence that has fallen under my observation. Nothing is easier than to give scope to the imagination; and this is a privilege which has been proverbially exercised by travellers. But I have no objects to gain by availing myself of this privilege. In corroboration of his statement, Capt. Gibson called attention to the notice made of the Kooboos in a small work published at Breda, in 1820, by Lieut. de Sturler, who accompanied the Dutch Gen. Van Wyck in the campaign against the celebrated Badaroodin, Sultan of Palembang. He also quoted, in further proof, from the History of Sumatra, by Mr. Marsden, an earlier traveller than the Dutch Lieutenant, who gave the accounts of this strange people as he heard them from the natives.

He continued: A later traveller, however, establishes the statements of the Laboon people, with regard to these wild men, as being founded on facts. Mr. Roberts, United States Envoy to Southern Asia, in his account of his embassy to Siam, published in 1822, speaks of both the Orang Kooboos and the Orang Googoos as a race of beings whose claims to rank with the human family, though apparent, were rather questionable in many particulars. Other races, equally as remarkable as those spoken of, are mentioned by the Malays on the coasts of Sumatra and Borneo, as existing in the interior of those islands; and they are all classed under the one general head of Orang Utan, which they apply to upward of twenty different races of wild men, among which are included many tribes of the wild Dyaks of Borneo; and in fact the term Orang Utan is applied by the Malays to all the lower species of the human race, who subsist on the spontaneous productions of nature, and not confined in its acceptation, as with us, to a certain species of ape. Thus they say, Orang Utan Koobo, the wild brown man; Orang Utan Googoor, the wild undeveloped man, (the word Googoor literally signifying a fœtus) Orang Utan Papan, the wild black man, and so with others. I would here remark that the common pronunciation and spelling of Orang Utang or Ootang is wrong, as it ought to be Utan without the g; the word Utang signifies debt, and joined to Orang signifies a debt-man as they say, or debtor. On one occasion, a Malay was puzzled to hear me speak of my desire to capture, what he understood me to say, by my pronunciation, a young debtor in the woods of Borneo; and it was some time before he could comprehend that I meant a baboon, and not an insolvent mortal. A similar corruption is to be observed in the article of commerce called cajeput, which is derived from the Malay words, Cayoo Pootee, or white wood. Another traveller, Mr. Windsor G. Earle, of very extensive experience in the Malayan Archipelago, states some very curious facts for the ethnologist in his account of the Indian seas. He mentions a remarkable stuffed specimen of a species of baboon, which he obtained from Mr. Benant, a Dutch resident on the Eastern coast of Borneo. "I have not," he remarks, "seen it described in any work on Natural History that has come under my observation. It is about three feet high, when standing erect—is covered with short, glossy brown hair, and has no tail. The chief point in which it differs from all others I have seen, consists in the conformation of the face; for the nose, instead of being broad and flat, is long and acquiline, projecting about an inch and a half from the face. The countenance, however, does not bear so strong a resemblance to that of the European, as the face of the common Orang Utan to that of the African." Again, he says, "A very interesting species of Orang Utan is to be found in Borneo, called the Wow Wow, a small, long armed, tailless ape, of a light brown color. He is extremely gentle, having none of the mischievous tricks of the monkey; and was (in the instance that came under his observation) therefore permitted to be at large and enjoy the free range of the house. He seemed to be rather afraid of men, but with the children became playful in the extreme; and he might often be seen running after them with his eyes shut and his arms spread out, like a child playing at blind man's buff. He generally walked on his hind legs in a slouching manner; but when alarmed would run away upon all fours, displaying great agility." While at Mintok, Palembang and Batavia, I heard many remarkable stories of the agility, audacity and especially of the superhuman strength of the Orang Utan. I will trespass, upon your attention by relating one of the most extraordinary, at the same time one of the best attested, which I heard while at Batavia: Lieutenant Shoch of the Dutch East-India Army was on a march with a small detachment of troops and coolies on the south-

For the Young.

LIGHT.

BABY MAY.

BY C. S. PERCIVAL.

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

CHARADE.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

CONUNDRUMS.

CURIOSITIES.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

Agricultural.

IMPROVED FERTILIZERS.

Choice P[oetry]

WHAT I LIV[E FOR]

Original N[ovelet]

THE BRIDE OF THE W[…]

The Olio.